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**SOCIETY AND BUSINESS DIRECTORY**

**CHAPMAN LODGE NO. 2, A. F. & A. M.**  
Regular communication first and third Thursday in each month. Visiting brothers cordially invited. Geo. H. Kinkel, W. M., Chas. H. Sprieder, Secretary.

**LAS VEGAS COMMANDERY NO. 2, Knights Templar.** Regular convocation second Tuesday in each month at Masonic Temple, 7:30 p. m. John B. Clark, V. C., Charles Tamme, Recorder.

**LAS VEGAS CHAPTER NO. 3, Royal Arch Masons.** Regular convocation first Monday in each month at Masonic Temple, 7:30 p. m. M. R. Williams, H. P., Chas. H. Sprieder, Secretary.

**EL DORADO LODGE NO. 1, Knights of Pythias.** Meet every Monday evening in Cassie Hall. Visiting Knights are cordially invited. J. F. Sackman, Chancellor, Commander. W. D. Kennedy, Keeper of Record and Seal.

**SALDY LODGE, NO. 77, FRATERNAL UNION OF AMERICA.** Meets first and third Wednesday of each month at Fraternal Brotherhood hall, Chas. Trambly, F. M.; Bertha C. Thornhill, Secretary. Visiting members cordially invited.

**EBERKAD LODGE, I. O. O. F.** Meets second and fourth Thursday evenings of each month at the I. O. O. F. hall. Miss Bertha Becker, N. G.; Mrs. Della Pepard, V. G.; Mrs. A. F. Dalley, Secretary; Adelaide Smith, Treasurer.

**E. P. O. E. MEETS SECOND AND fourth Tuesday evenings each month at O. R. C. hall.** Visiting brothers are cordially invited. W. M. Lewis, exalted ruler; D. W. Condon, secretary.

**EASTERN STAR, REGULAR COMMUNICATION second and fourth Thursday evenings of each month.** All visiting brothers and sisters are cordially invited. Mrs. Sarah A. Chaffin, worthy matron; Mrs. Ida Seelinger, secretary.

**I. O. O. F., LAS VEGAS LODGE NO. 4,** meets every Monday evening at their hall in Sixth street. All visiting brethren cordially invited to attend. George Lewis, N. G.; C. W. McAllister, V. G.; J. Wertz, secretary; W. E. Crites, treasurer; C. V. Hedgcock, cemetery trustee.

**FRATERNAL BROTHERHOOD, NO. 102,** meets every Friday night at their hall in the Schmidt building, west of Fountain Square, at eight o'clock. Visiting members are cordially welcome. Jas. N. Cook, president; Jas. R. Lowe, secretary.

**KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS, COUNCIL NO. 894,** meets second and fourth Thursday, O. R. C. hall, Pioneer bldg. Visiting members are cordially invited. W. R. Tipton, G. K.; E. P. Mackel, F. S.

**E. O. E. MEETS FIRST AND THIRD Tuesday evenings each month at Fraternal Brotherhood Hall.** Visiting brothers are cordially invited. Joe Thornhill, president; E. C. Ward, Secretary.

**REDMEN MEET IN FRATERNAL Brotherhood hall every second and fourth Thursday, sleep at the eighth room. Visiting brothers always welcome to the wigwag.** James R. Lowe, sachem; Walter H. Davis, chief of records and collector of wampum.

**E. E. ROSENWALD Lodge No. 545, I. O. B. B.—**Meets every first Wednesday of the month in the vestry room of Temple Montefiore, Douglas avenue and Ninth street. Visiting brothers are cordially invited. Chas. Greenclay, president; Rabbi J. S. Rabin, secretary.

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Just because marriage is a tie it is not necessarily a noose.

**A Thrilling Rescue.**  
How Bert R. Lean, of Cheny, Wash., was saved from a frightful death is a story to thrill the world. "A hard cold," he writes, "brought on a desperate lung trouble that baffled an expert doctor here. Then I paid \$10 to \$15 a visit to a lung specialist in Spokane, who did not help me. Then I went to California but without benefit. At last I used Dr. King's New Discovery which completely cured me. For lung trouble, bronchitis, coughs and colds, asthma, croup and whooping cough it's supreme. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by all druggists."

A girl can always get even with a fellow by marrying him.

**All the Gold IN GEORGIA Could not Buy-**

Reading, Ga. August 27, 1908.  
Messrs. E. C. Dwyer & Co., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen—  
In 1897 I had a disease of the stomach and bowels. Some physicians told me it was Dyspepsia, some Consumption of the Lungs, others said Consumption of the Bowels. One physician said I would not live until Spring, and for four long years I existed on a little boiled milk, soda water, doctors' prescriptions and Dyspepsia remedies that flooded the market. I could not digest anything I ate, and in the Spring 1901 I picked up one of your Almanacs as a prize unclaimed. Dyspepsia would grasp at anything, and that Almanac happened to be your **KODOL DYSPEPSIA CURE** and the benefit I received from that bottle **ALL THE GOLD IN GEORGIA COULD NOT BUY**. I kept on taking it and in two months I went back to my work as a machinist, and in three months I was well and hearty. I still use a little occasionally as I find it a fine blood purifier and a good tonic.  
May you live long and prosper.  
Yours very truly,  
C. M. CORNELL.

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This is only a sample of the great good that is daily done everywhere by

**Kodol for Dyspepsia.**

Sold by Schaefer's Pharmacy and Winter's Drug Store.

**2620 Oxford Place**

By Katharine H. Brown

(Copyright, by J. B. Lippincott Co.)

The brilliant August sky had glowed all afternoon like a vast furnace, radiating flames of sickening heat; but at four o'clock great masses of black cloud began to sweep up over Capitol Hill into ominous rank and file, accompanied by an occasional roll of thunder. Lieut. Julian Elliott, U. S. A., came slowly out of the Raleigh, and regarded the threatening horizon with a critical eye.

Elliott looked indecisively at the ancient carriage just drawing up to the curb, then at the open car swinging up Pennsylvania avenue. A louder roar of thunder and a glance at his immaculate linen decided him. "I want to look decent on my wedding anniversary," he reflected, amusedly. Then he said to the driver: "You can take me to No. 2620 Oxford place, Northwest, 'way up beyond Dupont Circle. And be swift. I want to get there before it rains," and he stepped into the cab.

The driver beamed amiably over this bit of chaff. Elliott settled back into the seat and watched the hurried lines of people rush past the cab-window with dull, unseeing eyes. "Water sweeps down like it did outside Manila," he muttered. "Jove, how yellow my hands are! Anyone could see I've had the fever. I suppose I'd better take the night train to New York and sail for Havre on the first boat, so long as I have got to go anyway. It isn't pleasant, this meeting people everywhere who are so eager to inquire about your wife. Wife, indeed! Glad you're getting home alive," that blackguard Stevens told me, 'so your womenfolk can coddle you a little.' Yes, I think I see them, my mother especially. No tears nor embraces for the returned soldier-boy in my dear family."

He pulled two crumpled letters from his pocket, and glanced through them with eyes that anticipated every word and sentence. The first was from his stepmother:

New York, December 12, 1888.  
My Dear Julian:  
Your note telling me that you are going off to Manila to help fight these god-damn savages is just received. I'm sorry that you will be in such a disagreeable place this coming year; still, your being away for some time may help to simplify matters when you return. Nancy tells me that you and she have practically agreed upon a quiet separation.

I shall keep the dear child with me as long as she cares to stay; and so far she seems perfectly contented, as long as she can devote herself to Tom's little ones. I suppose it is your insane jealousy of your dear brother's children which has caused this disgraceful thing. It certainly can't be Nancy's fault. I'm sorry you ever married her. I know it was very romantic and all that, but the whole affair was the result of so sudden an attachment that I really don't believe you knew your own mind. It does seem a pity, though, that you could only stay friends for a bare six months. Well, let it go. I never pose as a peacemaker, and, besides, I don't think you two are longing to be reconciled. Come and see me when you return from Manila. Don't get shot, don't have yellow-fever, and don't forget that I am

Ever your sincere friend,  
HORATIA LORD ELLIOTT.  
The second letter was shorter, and, if possible, more indifferent in tone:  
New York, December 12, 1888.  
My Dear Mr. Elliott:  
Mother tells me that she is writing to you, and I'll just add a line. I am well and happy, and that I propose to remain here until your return from the Philippines. Then I shall go back to England, and make my home there indefinitely. Our marriage has been a mistake—they say all hasty marriages are—but the few months have been so pleasant in many ways that I do not regret it.

Hoping that you will return from this interesting expedition in the best of health and spirits, I remain,  
Very sincerely,  
NANCY FORBES-CAROLUS ELLIOTT.

P. S.—I neglect your name at present to avoid annoying inquiries. Upon my return to England I shall probably resume my own.

Elliott tore the first letter into minute strips and flung them out of the window. The second went back into his pocket. As he tucked it in mechanically, something caught his attention outside.

"Hi, there, driver!" he shouted, "call to that lady that she can have this cab, and I'll vacate. She'll be drenched."

The rain, which had stopped treacherously for a few moments, was now dashing down with renewed force. A slender girl came hurrying across a side street, reaching the avenue just as the downpour recommenced. She looked about irresolutely for a moment; then, at sight of the driver's beckoning finger, she hurried to the cab, gave the man a hasty direction, and began tugging at the rusty door before Elliott had time to unfasten it. She did not glance up until the knob gave way—then Elliott felt his breath leave him suddenly as he looked down into his wife's eyes.

For a moment neither spoke. Supreme amazement held them in dazed silence. Nancy was the first to recover herself.

"Pardon," she said, bowing slightly, as though addressing a stranger. "I did not dream that there was anyone in the cab."

"Nancy, get in, I beg of you," cried Elliott, springing out. "You'll catch your death of cold; you're wet already. I'll take a car."

"Oh, no, thank you," she returned, drawing back a trifle. There was not a trace of color in her face, yet her self-control was perfect. "I really couldn't—"

Elliott caught her by the arm and lifted her into the cab, stepping in after her. "There!" he said, angrily. "I shall not annoy you by speaking, you may be sure, but I shall not permit

you to make yourself ill, either." And he sat down sternly on the opposite seat and kept his eyes away from her.

Yet he was conscious of having received something of a shock. "Jove, how thin she is," he thought. "Queer I didn't know her as she crossed the street. She didn't know me, either, at the first glance. Wonder what brought her over here just now, anyway?"

"Have you been ill, Mr. Elliott?"

He turned with a jerk. Nancy sat, erect and pale, in the corner of the back, composed as a statue. Elliott felt his face flushing, and he answered with an absurd stammer:

"No—yes—nothing but malaria. But you're not well, N—Mrs. Elliott?"

"I hope you have recovered your health entirely. Your being smooth shaven quite nonplused me for a moment," she went on, ignoring his question.

Nancy leaned back in her seat and did not speak again. The rain and wind beat against the carriage. Occasionally Elliott saw her tremble at a particularly vicious flash of lightning. During one terrific peal she dropped her head, half-sickened with nervous terror, and Elliott felt himself rising from his seat to clasp and soothe her.

"Poor little Nancy," he thought. "Thunder always did fret her. How she used to clutch hold of me when it stormed—up in that Oxford place den of ours, Honeymoon hall we used to call it. Wonder what she'd say if she knew I was going there now, this particular afternoon. It's a fool's sentimental notion of mine, but as long as I was here it seemed to me I'd like to look at the place."

The storm died away as rapidly as it had risen. Presently the driver's grizzled head appeared at the window.

"Take you to your address, boss?"

"Yes—well, the lady's first," returned Elliott. As the carriage started, Nancy raised her head inquiringly. "Please have him take you to your destination first," she said, hurriedly. "I am in no haste—it is only an unnecessary errand."

"Certainly," said Elliott, bowing. Nancy took his word as obeying her wishes. She murmured "Thank you," and sank back in her seat again, turning her eyes away from him.

"You are very tired," he ventured, after a long pause. The carriage was lumbering slowly northward, past Dupont circle.

No response.  
Elliott looked out of the window patiently for awhile. At last he bent forward and spoke again. There was a curious vibration in his deep tones.

"I am going to beg your kindness," he began, slowly, "to let me speak to ask you just one favor, and that is, your forgiveness for the many unpleasant hours I have given you, through what mother justly called my insane jealousy of my brother's children. You were as devoted as a mother could be to them, and I should have been proud of it, rather than so childishly hurt, and so passionately set on holding all your affection for myself. I was an old fool—worse than a fool—and I most humbly beg your pardon for it, and for dragging you into a marriage which has brought you disappointment and annoyance."

"I never said that," said Nancy, faintly. Her face shone white against the dingy cushions, her lips were set in a stern little line.

"In which you were very considerate. It's a year to-day, you know—I'd give ten years of my life to blot out these last 12 months for you. But now I can do nothing—noting but beg you to regard me as your friend, ready to serve you whenever you may call upon me. Will you not promise me to let me know if at any time—"

Nancy sprang forward to the window and pulled at it frantically. The cab was drawing up before No. 2620 Oxford place.

"Why did he bring us here?" she gasped, panting and trembling. "I said he was to take us to your address first."

"But this is mine," cried Elliott, amazed. "I said he was to take us wherever you wanted to go—Nancy, you don't mean that you were going there—to-day?"

But Nancy's hands were over her face, and she had shrunk back into the corner of the seat again.

Elliott thrust his hands into his pockets and dragged out a bill and a bunch of keys. He pushed the money into the cabman's hand as that worthy appeared at the door. "Here's your fare," he cried, in a voice that he hardly recognized. "And we're much obliged for the shelter."

He lifted Nancy from the cab, and half-carried her up the steps of No. 2620 Oxford place. "Won't you come in with me?" he said, under his breath, as he unlocked the door, "and see if the house is in good condition for—renting to a bridal couple?" He drew her inside the big, bare hall, and as the heavy door swung to he caught her in his arms for a long minute. When he put her down her eyes were wet, too. "And there's a room upstairs—the den, Nancy—would you like to see it? It's—satisfactory?"

She was trying bravely through her tears to carry out the play.

"Oh, Julian, there's nothing in this house," she whispered, "nothing but bare walls—and marriage on friendship."

"Yes, there is," he retorted, rudely. "Don't you dare contradict me, madam! You and Love. Can I want more?"

Nancy dropped her head against his big shoulder. "If you're going to intimidate me, Julian," she whispered, "why, of course, I have—nothing to say."

**REAPING BENEFIT.**

From the Experience of East Las Vegas People.

We are fortunate indeed to be able to profit by the experience of our neighbors. The public utterances of East Las Vegas residents on the following subject will interest and benefit thousands of our readers. Read this statement. No better proof can be had.

Alfred Underwood, 806 National St., of East Las Vegas, N. M., says: "It is four years ago since I gave my first statement for publication, recommending Doan's Kidney Pills and I can confirm all I then said. Doan's Kidney Pills relieved me of backache and all irregularities arising from weak kidneys. Whenever I have felt any symptoms of backache or kidney trouble I have procured Doan's Kidney Pills at K. D. Goodall's drug store and they have never failed to give me prompt relief. The curative powers and invigorating effect of this remedy are wonderful."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

He who laughs best has the laugh on the other fellow.

**Of Interest to Farmers and Mechanics**

Farmers and mechanics frequently meet with slight accidents and injuries which cause them much annoyance and loss of time. A cut or bruise may be cured in about one-third the time usually required by applying Chamberlain's Liniment as soon as the injury is received. This liniment is also valuable for sprains, soreness of the muscles and rheumatic pains. There is no danger of blood poisoning from an injury when Chamberlain's Liniment is applied before the parts become inflamed and swollen. For sale by all dealers.

Man is made of dust, and he is always out after more.

**Trouble Makers Ousted.**

When a sufferer from stomach trouble takes Dr. King's New Life Pills he's mighty glad to see his dyspepsia and indigestion fly, but more is he tickled over his new, fine appetite, strong nerves, healthy vigor, all because stomach, liver and kidneys now work right. 25c at all druggists.

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D. L. BATCHELOR,  
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**Summer's Call!****Do You Hear It?**

Doesn't the waking season arouse thoughts of tumbling surf, placid lakes, mountain climbing, the quest for the elusive fish, the gay life of the resorts, of riding, golfing, automobile trips; or create a yearning for indulgence in your own particular pastime?

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D. L. BATCHELOR, Agent,  
Las Vegas, N. M.